

The Great Salvation Crusade—February 1st to 29th

# THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.  
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
191 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

BRAMWELL BOOTH  
General

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS  
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IX. No. 4. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, January 28, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

He was despised, and we esteemed Him not; . . . . We did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities . . . . and with His Stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; . . . turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.



## The Call of the Great Crusade

Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?



## Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Mark 12: 13-27. "The God of the Living." We have lost dear ones the other world becomes more vivid and real to us. We think of them as living in the immediate presence of God, worshipping Him and enjoying the glories of Heaven. These comforting thoughts are God-given, reminding us that "He is the God of the living" as well as the Living God. Those who are united to Him by a living faith can never die.

Monday, Mark 12: 28-34. "Thou

### Prayer changes things—

Let prayer therefore be the first essential of the Great Crusade.

shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This, the second greatest of all the commandments, should be the natural outcome of fulfilling the first, given in the preceding verse.

"Who is my neighbor?  
He who needs my care!  
Where is my neighbor?  
Everywhere!

When my neighbor's eyes are weary,  
And his heart is sad,  
Help me Lord to help my neighbor  
To be glad."

Tuesday, Mark 12: 35-44. "Many cast in much." "She . . . cast in all that she had." The Saviour looked not merely at what was given, but at what remained. Many give something to God of their time, talents and money. Others give much, but only a few give all, a complete sacrifice of themselves, spirit, soul and body. Such who attain to the highest have great joy and usefulness here and are sure to receive the Master's "Well done!" hereafter.

Wednesday, Mark 13: 1-13. "Take heed lest any man deceive you." This warning is much needed to-day, when many are trying to push old errors under new names. Be on your guard against anything which does not stand the test of God's Holy Word. Make the Bible your guide. Remember it is from above and where you cannot understand, simply believe and trust. Its Author is all-wise and all-good and what He says must be right.

Thursday, Mark 13: 14-27. "In those days shall be affliction such as was not . . . neither shall be." It is not easy for us to realize how much the early Christians suffered for their Lord; they were hungry, persecuted, thrown to the lions and put to death in all manner of cruel ways. Many could have saved themselves by bowing to idols, or putting

(Continued foot Column 2)



The  
Soul-winners  
Delight

some thirty-five years now.

In a penitentiary many years ago, a soldier who had travelled as a male desperado for years and was waiting trial for murder, sat in her cell and listened to a Meeting conducted by Salvationists. The leader of the Meeting knew the girl's disposition and did not venture to speak with her, but at the close of the Meeting she put



The kind of stove we like to see in every Army Hall.

a few grains of incense on a heathen altar, but they counted it joy to die rather than dishonor their Master.

Friday, Mark 13: 28-37.

"Let me but do my work from day to day, In field or forest, at the desk or loom, In roaring marketplace or tranquil room, Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes beckon me astray, 'This is my work; my blessing, not my doom.'"

Of all who live I am the one by whom This work can best be done in the right way."

Saturday, Mark 14: 1-16. "They murmured against her." Mary's action was done out of love for the Saviour and not to please the onlookers. He appreciated it and reproved the disciples for their unkind criticism. Avoid the habit of fault-finding, for it so quickly grows on one, and so often discourages those around us. Look for the best in people, and unless it is really necessary do not find fault.

## How do You go about it?

The Point of Contact is a Vital Factor in Winning Souls

THE point of contact is a vital factor in the greatest of all arts—that of winning souls. "He that winneth souls is wise," and it is equally true that he who would win souls must be wise in the first place in order to prepare the hearts of the unsaved for the reception of the seed of the Kingdom.

A young man sat in an Army Meeting, proud, gay, indifferent; a Soldier pleaded earnestly for his soul without any effect until a tear fell from the Soldier's eye on the young man's hand, which seemed as though it would burn its way through. The "point of contact was reached" the young man broke down in penitence and said "Y-E-S." That young man has been a preacher of the Gospel ever since—

her arm around the desperate girl and kissed her on the cheek. As she turned away the girl burst into tears and said, "You are the first woman who has kissed me since my mother died!" That was the "point of contact," and the girl knelt and said "Y-E-S." to the Saviour before the Salvationist left her. The case against her was dismissed and she became, in her turn, an energetic winner of souls.

Scene: A small town.

Time: A wet Saturday night.

Characters: Adjutant Fearless, Sergeant-Major Faithful, and a Bandsman.

The Sergeant-Major had finished his tea on Saturday afternoon after a week of hard toiling, and as he opened the back door the wind howled and blew into the room. The weather promised a soaking to all who ventured abroad.

"You're not going out tonight, are you Jack?" asked Mrs. Sergeant-Major. "No one will be out in this weather." "But I'm going," said he Sergeant-Major. "I shall go and hold the fort if there is not another there."

As he dons his uniform the wind and rain sweep against the doors and windows. "What a night!" he exclaims to him-

## JESUS—CALLING AS OF OLD

Jesus called to men in days of old  
By the shores of Galilee,  
"Come, leave your haud, I've a greater call  
Winning precious souls for Me."  
And wondering, trusting, unquestioning  
They followed Him.  
Just fishermen, not great or wise,  
But having hearts so tender,  
Obeyed all, to the bravest call,  
That nothing else could hinder  
And wondering, trusting, unquestioning  
They followed Him.  
And so, to-day, He calls again,  
By the shores of life's great sea,  
"Come, leave your haud, I've a greater call  
Winning precious souls for Me."  
And wondering, trusting, unquestioning  
We follow Him. —L.M.

## In the Pouring Rain

### A Salvation Episode for Your Encouragement

self as he enters the street. "And not a soul to be seen!" He calls for the Officer, and after a short prayer that God will go with them to the Open-Air, they set off for the market square, about a mile and a half distant. On arrival at the Open-Air stand the place seemed deserted and the rain pours down steadily, but one Bandsman has arrived, full of fire and belief for



souls. The Sergeant-Major opens the attack, with lungs like leather shouting out the message.

No one was in sight until a young woman appeared and stood within a few yards of the Open-Air. She listens while the Sergeant-Major gave his testimony and the Bandsman prayed, by which time all three are wet through.

Then the Sergeant-Major approached her and asked if she would care to buy a "War Cry." This she did, with a question as to whether she could seek the Saviour.

Instantly the Officer started to pray, and the three Salvationists and the seeker stood in the pouring rain while she found Salvation. There, on this wet Saturday night, when things looked their blackest, God answered in a wonderful manner the prayer and efforts of real soul-seekers.

On arrival home the Sergeant-Major had a tale to tell of what had happened because the Open-Air was held in the pouring rain.

### THE MISSPENT LIFE

"He spent all his life letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again."

as elsewhere). "And He marvelled because of their unbelief." (Mark vi 5, 6).

The healing of the souls of men is a mightier work than the healing of bodies. And millions of souls are waiting today for His healing touch!

When will it be given?  
When you and I (Matthew xviii. 19) pray in agreement, God-given faith, and continue thus until the answer comes, pleading before the Father the sacrifice of Calvary. "The power of the cross is alone irresistible."

**You cannot improve the future  
without disturbing the present**

Now is the time to get busy with your plan for the Salvation Crusade.

## The Courage That Fears Not Death

THERE is a fact, in connection with the death of Nurse Edith Cavell which is not generally known; but which greatly deserves recording.

On October 11th, 1915, the day on which she met her death at the hand of the enemy, she did not suffer alone, but shared her martyrdom with a young German soldier named Rammier. He was one of the firing squad appointed to carry out the execution, and on refusing to obey was informed that the penalty would be death. Whereupon he stepped forward and was shot beside her.

This heroic act of an enemy soldier, who chose to die rather than fire on a noble and defenceless woman, ought never to be omitted when her story is being related. It is worthy of a place beside those deeds of chivalry which we cherish in our hearts because they teach us how noble a thing is a man "in action how like an angel in apprehension how like a God!"

But what of Him Who gave Himself a ransom? Who not only refused to participate in our undoing, but Himself took our place? "Who His Own self bore our sins in His Own Body on the Tree, that we—should live unto righteousness." Not merely that we should live, he it noted, but that "we should live unto righteousness." Mark well that clause, my comrades.

## Double Lives

Some of us have read with interest and profit that strange fantasy by Robert Louis Stevenson—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—the suggestion that double lives are always associated with evil. The idea has, however, occurred to us that they are also associated with much that is lovely and best in this imperfect world.

There is the book-keeper, working all day at figures in a dusty office and dreaming all night of his Y.P. Company of boys and of their health and happiness or of his Band or Scouts. There is the busy typist tapping out letters all day long, dreaming of a lovely home and of a love that sacrifices all, or of her work with the Juniors. There is the poor slum-dweller whose visions wheel him into the sunlight. And only this week we have been reading of the hatter who spends half his business time and all his leisure hours in discovering an ultra-microscopic virus so that cancer may no longer eat into the heart of mankind.

Perhaps someday somebody will arise who will do justice to such double lives. But, after all, it is not possible to live such a life in "Oneness with Christ" that all we think and speak and do is for Him indeed—Him only? We think it is.

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Miller, will be the leader for the Winnipeg Central Holiness Meeting on Friday next.

The Colonel reports a strenuous time at Edmonton—see special report. In addition to the public activities there emphasised, the Colonel has been engaged, with the Field Secretary and the Men's Social Secretary, in a detailed inspection of army affairs in and around the Alberta capital. Staff Captain Merritt was with them heart and soul in all these plans and purposes.

Another transfer—Adjutant and Mrs. McGonchey, of Winnipeg 111, are bound for the Southern Territory of the U.S.A. We congratulate our American comrades, and wish our two good friends great success.

We are glad to report that Ensign Hamilton continues to hold his own; he certainly is making a brave fight.

The best of welcomes to Miss Dorothy Dray and congratulations to Staff-Captain and Mrs. Dray on such a sweet addition to their household.

Carolin C. Law, late of the Winnipeg "Catharine" Home, is now doing duty at Kildonan. We wish for her all necessary grace and wisdom.

## Changes in the Editorial World

A New Editor—Col. and Mrs. Powley for San Francisco—Col. and Mrs. Bond for New York

COLONEL and Mrs. Powley have so many friends throughout the Dominion—East and West—that it is with great pleasure we announce he has now sufficiently recovered from his long and trying illness as to be able to take another appointment. We are interested in this fact not only because of our own personal memories of the Colonel, but also because he is related to the Territory in a sort of a way—by reason of his "lordship" to Captain Marlin Neill and Mrs. Captain R. Watt, of Winnipeg.

We congratulate him on being appointed as Editor-in-Chief for the U.S.A. Western Territory, and heartily welcome to the Editorial fraternity one who will, we feel sure, prove a decided acquisition and ably fill the responsible position with which the General is entrusting him. We also congratulate our friends in San Francisco on the addition to the T.H.Q. fraternity of a comrade of such Army experience and intellectual good fellowship.

The new Editor-in-Chief comes to his chair with a wide and long experience of Army life. He came into The Army forty-one years ago when the term "hard fighting" had a deeper significance than it has today. He knew that he must endure not only the ordeal of hearing his own voice in public, but of hearing also remarks from coster-girls, the like of which are now seldom voiced except in an occasional Slum Open-Air.

Converted as a boy at Marylebone, England, he immediately became an active Soldier of the Corps and astonished his Corps Officer by appearing in uniform the week after his conversion. Three and a half years in Marylebone Band followed, and, during those stormy days of Soldiering, he learned what hard fighting means.

In those days he had notable Corps Officers, among whom were numbered Captain—now Commander—Eva Booth, Mrs. Commissioner Lamb, then known as Captain Minnie Clinton, and the well-known and now glorified Staff-Captain Maggie McGonchey.

The Colonel is human for his every-day religion, for his charity and forbearance, for his loyalty to The Army, and for his straightforwardness.

He has been blessed and strengthened in his many responsibilities by his staunch

helpmeet, who is a sister of Bandmaster Punchard, of Chalk Farm, now Territorial Bandmaster for Great Britain and well known by repute amongst us.

Mrs. Powley thus comes of a well-



known Salvationist family. She was converted as a child, and became an Officer while still in her teens. Of a bright, sunny disposition, brimful of affection and with high ideals, Mrs. Powley came to her husband's side in 1896. She, too, has a distinct charm of manner, and has no difficulty in finding the right, kind and gracious word for any occasion.

We bespeak for Colonel and Mrs. Powley a period of happy and successful service, and we pray that the blessing of God will be upon all their future labors.

## Colonel John Bond

The Central U.S.A. "War Cry" also makes an interesting announcement—the farewell of Colonel John Bond from his position as Editor-in-Chief in Chicago, and appointment to the similarly important position in New York. The very many friends of Colonel and Mrs. Bond throughout Canada will wish them God's blessing in their new position of widespread influence.

## Making Good Citizens at Edmonton

DURING the year 1927, a total of 142 lads have been handed over to our comrade, Adjutant Stewart, by the Edmonton City Police Court. In commenting upon this fact, the "Edmonton Bulletin" says:

"In nearly all cases the boys took advantage of their chance to make good and are now treading the straight and narrow path. Since they were turned over to Adjutant Stewart, four have married and settled down, while two are serving in the British navy and making good. Two are Sabbath school teachers and one is playing in The Salvation Army Band."

## Twelve Bad Eggs

"Thirty-eight boys stayed in the city, while the remainder are in various parts of Canada. The boys who left the city were handed over to The Salvation Army in the city or town in which they went to live and positions found for them there. Only 12 of the boys committed second offences, according to Adjutant Stewart. All of these went to jail and four are now in the penitentiary."

## The Army Court

"Adjutant Stewart holds a court of his own on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 9. There, the boys who are still in the city report to him and a check is kept on their progress and advancement."

"Three girls were handed over to The Army during the year. Mrs. Stewart takes care of them and according to her report all are 'making good.'"

"We more than congratulate our comrades upon these happy facts—although feeling sorry for the few 'Bad Eggs'—and our own comment is, that hard work and faithful dealing coupled with faith and prayer, can accomplish much."

## Do You Show Jesus in Your Face?

In a quiet, confidential way a comrade slipped up to our Mrs. Adjutant on Sunday last, and said, "Is it true that that boy of yours is only an adopted boy?"

"No," she answered, "he is my own boy."

Commenting on the incident later Mrs. Adjutant said she didn't understand why some people asked her that question, because, on the other hand, so many people said, "Why, sure he is her boy; you can see his mother in his face." It is quite true too; his mother can be seen in his face.

Quick to draw a spiritual application from the above incident she continued, "Christian friend, there need be no questions asked as to whether or not you are a true child of God; if you live close up to Him, His grace will be seen in yours." —J.R.W.

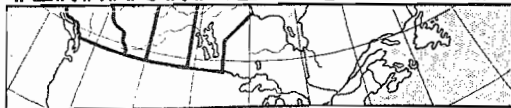
The comrades at Biggar are in for a good time with Lt.-Colonel Sims on Wednesday, Feb. 1st. He will "try out" his Crusade material there.

The Publisher wishes us to make the suggestion that, in the event of any shortage or overplus in the "War Cry" parcel, or, as sometimes happens, the non-arrival of the package altogether—he should be informed immediately; by wire if necessary. It is a fact that three or four weeks before making any complaint, it involves an unusual strain on our generosity, and also creates a situation which is not always helpful to a sympathetic response.

Major Tyndall, our smiling, though burdened Financial Secretary, will be present at the Vancouver Congress Meetings, combining the blessings of those gatherings with those perplexing duties which one usually associates with his position.

A few weeks ago we told a tale about the late D. M. Moody; here is another. On one occasion an inquirer asked him whether he could refer him to a Scriptural condemnation of the habit of smoking. "No," said Mr. Moody, "I can give you no verses in the Bible against the habit of smoking, but I can give you one or five still!" He that is filthy, let him be filthy still!

## TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK



Winnipeg, January 19th, 1928

Dr. Ellen Douglas, close friend of The Army, is delivering a public lecture at the Garrison Auditorium on Monday evening Jan. 21th. The subject will be, "My visit to Palestine, India, China, and Japan." The Garrison Auditorium costume will show the latest Chinese melodies. Come to the Meeting starts at 8 p.m. on Monday.

Staff-Captain M. J. Merritt, on the appointment of a new Editor-in-Chief, has been appointed to the position of Editor-in-Chief of the U.S.A. Western Territory. Here's the good news to our comrades.

The Hudson's Bay Store Management in Victoria, loaned excellent space for an exhibition of the new "Our Own Make" instruments recently acquired by the Victoria Band, Messrs. Spencer & Co. Ltd. have also assisted for a further week's show. The presentation is booked as a great event for tonight.

We have had a quick response to our note concerning exchange of "Crys" with Captain Maunders of Sydney, Chum-Leader Cathart of St. James, takes on this piece of comradeship.

# Where God Answers Prayer

By HUMPHREY WALLIS

"Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees."



THE penitent-form is a Salvation Army institution. There is nothing like it outside Army Meetings. In the reports that are a feature of the weekly "War Cry" of the world, the penitent-form figures immediately after "souls." "Grand campaign launched. Pubs visited. Hall crowded. Seven souls at the penitent-form." "Visit of the Saved Collier. Much interest aroused in town. Fine Open-Air gatherings. The souls at the penitent-form for Holiness in the morning; three knelt at penitent-form for Salvation after afternoon address; five for Salvation, one a well-known drunkard and wife-beater, in the evening, making ten souls at penitent-form for the day. Glory to God!" are typical examples.

When sinners are saved in the Open-Air Meetings they kneel at the drum, or, if there is no drum, on the ground beside the Officer or Soldier who is "dealing" with them.

## Nothing Secret About It

The penitent-form is a bench, usually a bench taken haphazard from the benches on which the congregation sits. It is placed directly in front and below the platform. Should there be no platform, as sometimes happens in Outpost and Slum Corps, the bench on which the Officers sit when conducting the Meeting is utilized. Nothing distinguishes this important wooden rest but its position. It faces the audience. The penitents are in full view of every person present. There can be nothing secret, hesitant, or obscure about it. The people who kneel by it make full and open confession of their sins and their need of a Saviour, and of their wish to seek His pardon and live a different life.

How it came to be I do not know. Since The Salvation Army has been there has been mention of the penitent-form in its annals and practice as a recognized and usual accessory to the profession of "conviction of sin" and conversion. For the form itself there is no respect, though it has been the outward symbol of the birthplace of the soul in countless instances. I have seen Soldiers stand on it to light the gas near the plat-

form. Officers ascend it to better command attention, children commend it for their Salvation drills and marches, and Salvationist charwomen scrub it. For the acts of contrition and regeneration it typifies I have never seen anything but profoundest reverence.

## The Priest and the Penitent-Form

"It is impossible that a man or woman can be saved or changed by kneeling at a bench they call the penitent-form," said a Roman Catholic parish priest, an earnest pastor of his flock.

"God bless him, he's right. But does he know nothing about the Saving Power of Jesus Christ working in the souls of them that cries for forgiveness and Salvation to Him, and first confesses their sins to Him? Don't the Reverend believe in souls getting saved same as Paul and the Apostles, and all the common folks that we read in the New Testament turned to Christ and believed He could, and did, save them from their sins?" asked the Salvationist to whom the remark was quoted. "If His Reverence 'll come down here any time, and ain't saved, I'll show him how Christ saved me, and He will save him."

It was a sporting offer, but not accepted.

"That old penitent-form was where the light dawned on me. Then the Lord Jesus glory to His Name, saved me from my filthy sins after showing me what a sinner I was and how near to Hell!" shouted a Salvation navy. "I come in the Hall drunk; God's Holy Spirit convicted me of sin and judgment to come while I sat there by the door. When the Captain calls for them that wanted Christ to save their souls and alter their habits and minds, to come and kneel at the penitent-form, out I reels. I knelt down there drunk, but I called up to Jesus to save me, and He heard and answered me. I didn't know how to pray, but I said the words after Sergeant-Major what dealt with me, and I wished God would save me, and I asked Him to, as well as I could. And He did. Oh, bless Him!"

"He died for me to set me free! I knelt to Him drunk, but He raised me up sober. I ain't never touched drink since. It's near fifteen years ago. I've found Him a good Master

—I'm happy whatever comes or goes. If you think it can't be, ask my wife, ask them that knew me when I was a drunkard. What changed me inside half an hour from a man that loved sin and made a mock of good and religion to a man that wanted to do right and love God? It was the livin' power of the Saviour! What He did for me He'll do for you, though you mayn't be as bad as I was. But we, each one, from the king to the beggar, needs His Salvation."

The company of Salvationists burst into song with the speaker, and the air rang with—

"Oh, come along, for Jesus is strong  
And He will your sins forgive!"

There were three souls at that penitent-form.

It was a testifier, testimony, and effect that can be verified in any spot where there is a Salvation Army Corps or Meeting.

Strange and mysterious happenings occur at the penitent-form that the most experienced Officer is unable to explain. "There are some penitents, nearly always men or Magdalenes, who seem compelled to keep knocking their heads against the penitent-form while they are seeking pardon," one told me. "I have had others rise and sit on the bench, unable to get on their knees again for a long while, and repeating sullenly that something seemed to chain them. Some shake violently. Some appear unable to speak or pray, and when they do, burst into weeping. A great many weep, and most find the Saviour and Salvation normally; that is, after confession, prayer, appeal, and vows to Him. But there are souls who seem plunged into depths of darkness and an agony of despair before they see His Light."

## Knife, Revolver or Poison

"It is not uncommon for a drunken person kneeling in sincerity for forgiveness at the Lord's feet to rise up quite sober. Every Officer of any length of service must have met such cases. Persons determined to commit suicide have knelt at the penitent-form, and during the prayer they made and that was made for them, handed out the knife, revolver, poison, or other murderous agent. Murder has been confessed at the penitent-form, and theft, adultery, false witness, malicious intent to injure

another, fraud, and all the sins, often. The penitent-form is a place of decision, of mourning, and of indescribable joy. I have seen wives and husbands, parents and children, and I have seen timid, cowardly persons walk away to face contempt and ostracism like heroes.

"He (or she) has been to the penitent-form. He'll be different now," is the gossip in slum and home, workshop and factory. It is a remarkable witness to the belief and proof that miracles have not ceased to be. "Dealing with sinners" is a craft taught in The Salvation Army. The soul "fishers"—that is their official title—go fishing among the audience at every Meeting. They speak of the individual, soul to the individual, using pleading and the argument, awaken reason and strengthen conscience. The fisher hopes to land the fish at the penitent-form, where the soul is instructed by the fisher or a special "dealer" how to make humble, full confession to God, how Christ gives Salvation, and on what terms, discovers if the soul is willing to agree to those terms, and, if not, how to pray and plead to make it yield; then, how to accept the Saviour, how to thank Him, and take the first steps on the new, spiritual path of inward life.

## Through the Mystic Door

With astonishing readiness the great, ignorant sinners pass into the mystic Door and are merged in the Living Vine. The intellectual and learned, moral and religious, fumble and stumble, arguing and criticizing, wondering why other methods will not do, deciding to delay and prolong investigation and the renunciation of self. The penitent-form is a step of offence to all but the simple, sinful, and self-distrustful.

At the penitent-form The Salvation Army makes its recruits. There is real work, in its own opinion, begins, for there it gains its real objective, SOULS.

Glory be to God, in that week after week, one might almost say day by day, this is what is happening right across this Canada of ours. Say! Have you, yourself, found the place for the unlifting of burdens, when God answers prayer?

## As the Little Singer Sang, Her Father, Who Had Beaten Her, Staggered to the Mercy-Seat

THE Hall was crowded. A prayer Meeting was in progress. The Officer who was leading had fought hard and long, and had been backed up well by the "souls and Soldiers of the Corps; but a cold and hard spirit appeared somehow to have settled upon the people.

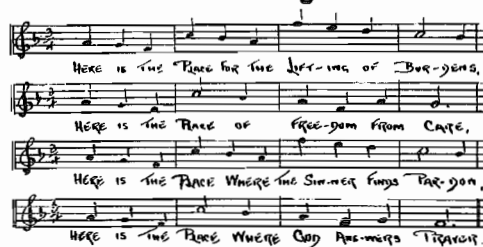
It was felt that something out of the ordinary—an angel, if it could be possible—was wanted.

A forlorn little lassie, poorly clad, looking thin and ill, and with her pathetic face pitifully bruised, rose timidly from a seat and made her way to the front, quietly and almost unnoticed. Where was she going—to get a better seat? No, she passed right on. To the Penitent-Form? No; she mounted the platform steps, and it was noticed she wore an Army brooch, small and battered, but still shining out Salvation.

Tremblingly she went to the side of the Officer and touched his hand. He looked down surprised to see her there. "Please, may I sing?" she asked.

There was somehow a different feeling

## "The Place for the Lifting of Burdens"



in the Meeting as the childish voice rang out:

"Would you be free from your burden of sin?"

There's wonderful power in the Blood." Hearts were thrilled. Tears rushed unbidden to many eyes. A wretched, bearded man rose from his seat and staggered to the Penitent-Form. It was the little singer's father. He was a

drunkard, and the bruises on her sweet face told of his hand the night before, when the dear little girl sprang between him and her dearly-loved and sorely-tried mother.

Before the singer finished, many other men and women followed the repentant father to the Mercy-Seat. Who will say that the little Songster was not God's angel?—Toronto "Cry"

## The Army Her Only Friend

All over Canada the League of Mercy workers still continue their helpful ministry among the sick and unfortunate.

The following is a sorrowful incident, related in the Toronto "Cry" concerning the sister C. of the Hamilton (Ont.) League.

A pathetic instance has come before our notice of a poor, friendless woman, who, until her death, was a lonely patient in the Mountain Sanatorium. The League of Mercy sisters sought her out and cheered the dragging hours for the poor old soul. They did more—they discovered that she was unsaved, and in respect of the persons—collected. Each week she assured them of her perfect trust in God. As she got physically weaker, she became spiritually stronger. Before passing away, she expressed a desire for The Army to bury her, as she had no relatives to whom she could turn. Her dying wish was respected, and Adjutant Alderman, the Corps Officer conducted the Funeral service, two Leagues also being in attendance.

How wonderful that God in Christ could listen to the thoughts of little children and answer them in their own language.



# WITH OUR FLAG IN OTHER LANDS

## Fiery Star Flies at Liner's Masthead

There is a suggestion of humor in the following reference from "The Cape Times," which says: "There was much controversy going on in the docks area on Saturday morning as the White Star Liner s.s. Vedic approached the entrance, for lying at the masthead was the Salvation Army Flag, which had been unfurled during the passage down the Mersey, and it was not until the 9,000 ton vessel got close in that this was recognized—except by those possessing suitable binoculars, and the reasons explained by those in waiting."

Forty-four years before, for the first time the Flag of The Salvation Army arrived there. Its message then was as it is today. Would that the world had more quickly discerned its significance. The Vedic, with Lieut.-Commissioner Unsworth and seven hundred emigrants on board made a good journey, and on reaching Australian waters reported "all well" and a clean bill of health. The record of the journey was untarnished, and the Australian Press stressed the point that the happiness and success of the voyage were in a large measure due to the absence of the liquor canteen.

## A Phenomenal Growth The Army Makes Great Strides in Germany

In a striking article entitled "The Heart and Soul of Europe To-day," a gifted writer in a London daily newspaper says: "One interesting post-war development has been the phenomenal growth of The Salvation Army in Germany. You may hear one of their rallies in the public square of nearly every good-sized city in North Germany any evening." Certainly there is a ripening field of labor in Germany, but the acute problem there, as elsewhere, is very largely a financial one.

## Army Musicians Meet in Wellington

### New Zealand Bandsmen Enjoy Healthy and Vigorous Council

Recently Commissioner Hay conducted the first Bandsmen's Councils in the Empire Hall, Wellington, the gatherings mentioned were attended by upwards of two hundred Bandsmen. The whole Councils constituted a call to be increasingly Salvationistic in every section of a Bandsman's life and work. The spiritual note was an exceptionally high one, and the whole effort proved encouraging. In addition to our musical comrades from near at hand, some eight provinces have enjoyed greatly the healthy and vigorous talks by the Commissioner. In connection with the Councils, Musical Festivals were held in the Wellington Citadel and Town Hall, and considerable enthusiasm and interest were manifested in these noteworthy musical efforts in which together with our Wellington comrades, the visiting provincial Bands took a prominent part.

## Esthonia

A new Corps has been opened in Reval, Esthonia, the Republic adjoining Lettland. A suitable Hall and Quarters have already been secured. A devoted Envoy Comrade who speaks the language is already working there. A married couple from Sweden are being sent in to take charge of the new Corps.

## Japan

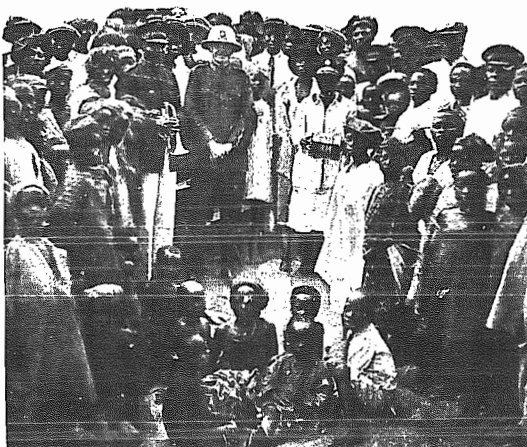
It is interesting to note that the Kyohshi Band, one of the first formed in Tokyo, has just held its first Campaign outside Tokyo, having conducted a very successful Sunday at Yokohama Corps. Our Comrades put in full time from early morning until late at night and had the joy of realizing that they were helping on the great Salvation fight.

## From Shore to Shore

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

## Soul-Winning in West Africa



An Open-Air Meeting about to commence in a West African village.

Here is a glimpse of a Salvation Army pioneering Meeting in the bush-arts of West Africa, related by a dispatch forwarded by Major Alex Thompson. It is in the chief's compound. Prior to the gathering, as a token of goodwill, a few eggs had been given by the chief, and the Meeting with the dusky-complexioned company of the chief's followers standing about affords a fine opportunity for the brush of an artist. The sombre scene is illuminated by the rising moon, which evidently proves an invitation to the whole village to muster and see what is afloat. How beautiful to be able to proclaim the Gospel to such people in such a place! Beautiful, truly, but how came Major Thompson thither to his preaching place, listen! It is the Major himself speaking: "It was truly a very trying journey. The first by no means easy hundred miles were done in the car driven by myself, and then we had to leave the

car in a village, and bearers carried our baggage and a rough and ready hammock was arranged for me." Livingstone-like, the little expedition proceeded. "I had four hours of this exceedingly trying method of travelling, over rivers and streams and great stretches of water, up and down the hills, too, we went through dense vegetation amid rank and humid odours all the time, and we were almost dropping with exhaustion long before we arrived at our destination. Then the people came out of the village with drums, and lamps, and escorted us to a mud hut. Here, because I had not tasted food for twelve hours, I got some water boiled and made some tea, and afterwards scraped from me as well as possible, the mud I had picked up in transit." It was after all this and much more that the kindly moon came out and the beautiful Salvation Meeting was held.

## Distinguished Visitors Praise The Army Institutions in India

THE Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Sir Wm. Birdwood, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O., sent a message while in the way of Nagpur, in India, that he would be calling at the Headquarters to see the work of The Salvation Army there when on his way back to England. While at 1.30 p.m. he arrived at the Headquarters with his A.D.C. and the Indian Commissioner where the two staffs met. The children, the Dore, and the other staff and others, including the

lun. The Commander-in-Chief looked over the Industrial Department and spoke in a most kindly way to various Officers. Having seen the Industrial side of things and the D.H.Q. he proceeded to the Booth-Tucker Hall. The Commander-in-Chief spoke with Lieut.-Colonel Yess Dassen, the Chief Secretary, and in the Hall mentioned he recognised Commissioner Booth-Tucker's photograph in Indian uniform and also that of Commissioner Blowers. The distinguished

## West Indian Warfare

### New Motor Boat for River Work—A Snake Story

From the latest Kingston, Jamaica. "War Cry" we learn that a splendid new motor boat has been secured for service on rivers and creeks. This opens up a great opportunity for work among the people of various settlements who are mostly native Indians. The boat is the General's gift to British Honduras.

The following is an incident recorded by the General Secretary:

"Our Open-Air at Stann Creek was attended by an unusual visitor during our singing. I do not know whether he was attracted by my concertina playing or what, but the crowd suddenly parted and I heard a big crack. The snake had come to the Open-Air, and met his end by one of the congregation."

## Australian Grit

### Attacking Towns Single-Handed

As in Canada, there are in Australia any number of smaller towns and villages in which The Army has not yet opened fire. Like our comrades here, Salvationists under the Southern Cross delight to "do The Army" when on Outpost duty. Here is a recent story illustrative of the same:

An Envoy of the Australia South Territory found himself in a small town where there were no Salvationists. He went to the town bandmen and borrowed their drum and held forth in the open-air for some considerable time. Finally he gave an invitation to sinners who wanted to be saved to come forward and kneel at the borrowed drum placed on the ground. A young man responded by coming forward to the drum, beside which he got wonderfully saved. He is going to be a Salvationist and become attached to the nearest Corps.

## "A Little Bit of Heaven."

### Service Men Express Appreciation of Army's Home in Shanghai

The refreshment room and other facilities of The Army's Home for service men in Shanghai are much appreciated. Men of the best military type fill the rooms, and they are glad to be The Army's guests, if one may judge by the remarks they write in the guests' book, in which hundreds of names have been entered. It is interesting to note that men of every English-speaking country in the volume mentioned, Ireland, the United States, and Scotland and Wales are also represented and indicate the wide influence The Army Home exercises. Some idea of how the Home is regarded may be gathered by such entries in the book as the following: "Just the home for a soldier"; "A little bit of Heaven"; "The better 'ole"; "Best, cleanest, cheapest"; "Proved the best in every test."

visitor expressed much satisfaction at what he had seen. The visit has greatly encouraged all concerned. During his great interest in the work of The Army-in-Chief said that twenty-two years before when Lord Kitchener visited Nagore, he was with him and then saw the good work of The Salvation Army in progress there.

The Territorial Commander for the Eastern Territory, Lieut.-Commissioner Ewens, had returned from Burma, where in Rangoon The Army's Industrial Home for women was opened during the visit, was recently invited by the Inspector-General of Prisons, Bengal, to attend a conference on "After-care of prisoners." The Government being anxious to form an association to deal with young offenders. The Commissioner was able to supply them with valuable information.

# THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth  
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters  
London, England

Territorial Commander,  
Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Rich,  
317-319 Carlton St.,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-  
dressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** A copy of The  
War Cry including the Special Easter and  
Christmas issues, will be mailed to any address  
in Canada for twelve months for the sum of  
\$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Sec-  
retary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada  
West by The Farmer's Advocate, of Winnipeg.  
Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langelle  
Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

## General Orders

All Officers will please note that  
the entire month of February is  
set apart for the Great Territorial  
Salvation Crusade.

March 3rd, 4th and 5th will be  
observed throughout the Territory  
as the "Young People's Annual"  
and Prize-Giving Weekend.  
Commanding Officers and Y.P. Sergt-  
Majors please note.

## THE THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

Be strong in the Lord, and  
in the power of His might.  
Put on the whole armour of  
God.

## The Field Secretary and Brigadier Gosling at The Pas

It is not often that "Specials" visit  
this far away corner of the field, but  
when they do come they always re-  
ceive a "real" welcome such as the  
people of the North can give. So,  
most heartily did we welcome Brig-  
adier Taylor and Brigadier Gosling into  
our midst for a week end.

On Saturday evening a Soldiers' tea  
was held in the Hall, after which  
both of the visitors spoke very help-  
fully to the Soldiers who had gathered.

Sunday morning was a time for  
"our ain folk" and a real spiritual  
feast it proved to be to those who had  
come hungry for the Bread of life.

A typical Northern crowd filled the  
Hall for the evening Meeting. Be-  
sides the usual percentage of town  
folk, there were men in the garb of  
prospector and lumberjack, also a  
number of transients on their way to  
the great mineral fields, and ming-  
ling among them all were the uniform  
clad Soldiers and the Guards, all  
eager to hear more of the wonderful  
story of Salvation. Most attentively  
did they listen as Brigadier Taylor  
drew interesting word pictures of  
God's great love. In the Prayer-Meet-  
ing which followed we rejoiced over  
three precious souls kneeling at the  
Cross.

Among the latest enterprises of  
this "fall alive" Corps is the formation  
of a String Band. There is a real  
move on in this interesting Northern  
town, and enthusiasm runs high, and  
the Corps is not lagging behind in  
that respect. Indeed, we are all going  
forward unitedly to make 1928 a  
banner year in every section of the  
Corps.—Northerner.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS THE COMMISSIONER LEADING

Saskatoon ..... Jan. 29  
Edmonton ..... March 4  
Calgary ..... March 11  
Winnipeg ..... April 1

# The Chief Secretary and The Field Secretary Preaching the Salvation Crusade at Saskatoon and Edmonton

## Salvation Triumphs—Answers to Prayer—Power and Glory in the Midst—Forty-six Seekers

The Chief and Field Secretaries have  
verily been on a Crusade during the past  
few days; carrying the evangel of our  
Campaign through Saskatoon to Ed-  
monton and "the regions round about." Begin-  
ning with striking and comradely events at  
Saskatoon on Wednesday, the tour has  
been one of great encouragement and  
significance.

At Saskatoon the Chief Secretary met  
the Soldiers at the No. 11 Hall; first a  
chicken supper, and then a real rouser of  
a Soldiers' Call to the Crusade, and an  
open consecration offering. The Field  
Secretary was with the Home  
Leaguers at the Citadel, and there took  
advantage of the evening to press the  
claims of the great Plan for February.  
A union of forces later on in the evening  
cemented the purposes of the city Corps  
and comrades.

Arriving in Edmonton on Friday morn-  
ing a set-to was made on Divisional and  
Corps items of importance, continuing  
until a very late hour as mentioned  
elsewhere. Saturday was similarly oc-  
cupied, except that in the evening Colonel  
Miller visited Grace Hospital, and had

an informal Meeting with the Staff there;  
whilst Brigadier Taylor proceeded to  
Lacombe—one of our fighting units—  
where his emphatic presence blessed the  
comrades.

Sunday: back again in the Capital  
City, The Chief Secretary at the Citadel.  
He reports a glorious work in progress  
there. A good Meeting in the morning;  
a wonderful time in the afternoon. His  
visit to the Young People's Corps was  
distinctly encouraging to his own spirits,  
as well as pleasurable to the local com-  
rades. A Primary Detachment of 57  
members, and with seven "Trays" in  
operation. (Look out, Calgary—Ed.).  
A Y.P. Band, and Y.P. Songsters, all to  
the front—and "playing and singing  
splendidly," says the Colonel.

In the evening Meeting a fine crowd,  
which stayed on well, and at the end of  
the Meeting four volunteers, and then  
five more, forward. The Colonel also  
remarks on the splendid activity of the  
Senior Band and Songsters.

The Field Secretary divided his atten-  
tions between Edmonton II (Strathcona)

and Edmonton III, the morning at the  
former—with five forward; the evening  
at the latter—with three seekers. We  
hear from a local correspondent that the  
rich blessing of God was experienced  
greatly at both Corps.

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson was also in the  
fight. He was in his element in the  
midst of Salvation activities at Balm-  
or Doon Home; Fort Saskatchewan, and  
in the evening at the Social Corps he re-  
ported seekers and those exhibiting a  
desire to lead new lives.

Major Oake was also in the Plan  
Campaign, so we hear, not where, and  
when, and so, prevents my saying not  
as can imagine, however, that he would be  
"well away" in the Fight.

The day concluded with a triumph-  
al Crusade Rally in the Citadel commencing  
at 9.30 when other religious folks would  
be making slumberwaves. We hear that this  
Meeting also attracted a time of expectancy,  
it must have been especially when we  
has to record a total of forty-six seekers  
for the day at the various Corps and  
Institutions. To God be all the Glory.

Colonel Miller has returned to THQ.  
The Field Secretary is on his way to the  
Anglo and Salvation Army in Vancouver; Lt.  
Colonel Dickerson and Major Oake are  
on their own affairs to attend to, but it  
possible we will say something more  
about them next week.

The fire is blazing; the Salvation heathen  
is a light; the Crusaders are on the march,  
glory and salvation are coming. What  
about your part of the country? Do you  
also believe?

## A Terrible Disease

By One Who Loves The Army

May I draw attention to a terrible  
disease from which many followers of  
God's Army are suffering, and which  
sad to say, prevents many from getting  
into the Kingdom of Heaven.

I refer to the chatter of thoughtless  
souls during Meetings, and especially  
during Prayer Meetings. This evening  
two young women sitting in front of me  
continually gossiped about goodness-  
knows-what, from the time they came  
into that sacred Hall. A lot of what was  
said from the platform was drowned by  
their useless tongue-wagging.

This pest—the perpetual chatter—  
seems pretty general. As a rule the cul-  
prit is a flashily-dressed young woman  
who wishes to pass away the time, but  
sometimes one sees a bonnet wagging  
and then necessarily throughout a  
Meeting.

If I was the only sutter I would not  
mind, but unhappily many searchers  
after God and Holiness are affected, and  
many of them go away disgusted, never  
to return.

If Locals and others openly rebuked  
offenders, especially during the address  
and at prayer time, it would help matters  
considerably. I generally politely ask  
them to allow me to listen, even if they  
do not wish to themselves. But some-  
thing should be done, especially now that  
we are so really in the "Great Revival."  
Praying for and looking forward to this  
Great Salvation Crusade through which  
we hope to have a great revival.

The higher we climb, the smaller all  
things below us appear. The best way  
to make unworthy pleasures and pursuits  
show their pettiness is to climb above  
them to something more noble.

touching all the needs of all the girls  
whether social, religious, or physical.

Lt.-Colonel Amery, in a few words with  
Staff-Captain Weeks just before leaving  
the city, emphasised his pleasure with all  
that he and Mrs. Amery had seen of our  
wonderful line of immigration activities,  
and of what he knew of those agencies.  
He was also heartily warm in his con-  
gratulations to the Commissioner on the  
great work The Army is doing in Canada,  
not only for the newcomers, but for the  
growing population of the Dominion.  
Such work of cheer is welcome, but  
—as the Commissioner remarked—also  
also create a responsibility which falls  
upon all of The Army—Leaguers and  
Soldiers alike; let us be true to this great  
trust.

## My Comrades:

The Salvation Crusade! The Crusade all the  
time and every time! All our days . . . . and all  
our powers! God is with us! Hallelujah!

The Commissioner.

## H.M. Secretary of State for the Dominions

(Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery) and Mrs. Amery  
Visit Army Institutions

MORE and more is The Army be-  
coming an Empire binding institu-  
tion—not to say a League of Nations  
within itself. This has been strikingly  
illustrated in the journeyings of the

bond of beneficence, we were encircling  
the globe. He has visited Army Homes  
and Institutions in all parts of the Empire,  
and has found therein the same work of  
healing and helping. We praise God for  
this.



RT. HON. L. S. AMERY

Secretary of State for the Dominions,  
who, during his 50,000 miles of travelling  
has scarcely ever been out of sight or  
sound of the Empire—or out of reach of  
the fluttering of the Union Jack. It is a  
matter for glory to God, also, that he has  
scarcely ever been out of sound of the  
drum of The Army or the waving of our  
Blood and Fire Flag.

Speaking with Commissioner Rich dur-  
ing his recent visit to Winnipeg, he men-  
tioned that wherever he went he had  
found us; and like a chain of hope, and a

The Commissioner has been quick to  
see this—so has Commissioner Lamb, our  
Director of Immigration—and as soon as  
Lt.-Colonel Amery landed in Vancouver  
he received a warm invitation to inspect  
some of our work in that city. He and  
Mrs. Amery were speedy in their re-  
sponse, and visited to Grace Hospital  
Lodge, and the Immigration Lodge  
(Vancouver), and the Immigration Lodge  
at Mount Pleasant resulted. Of course  
we take a pride in both of these Institu-  
tions, but our pleasure and pride is  
intensified by the words of praise and  
commendation which we learn were so  
freely given by the distinguished party of  
visitors.

Mr and Mrs. Amery were in Winni-  
peg a few days later, and in a very busy  
day indeed, time was made by Mrs.  
Amery to call at Balmoral (Immigration)  
Lodge, and the Grace Hospital. She  
was accompanied by Mrs. T. Burroughs,  
the wife of our respected Lieut.-Governor.  
The Immigration Lodge came in for her  
meed of praise, and so, of course, did our  
fine Hospital.

A very pleasing incident occurred dur-  
ing the call at Grace Hospital. Major  
Whittaker has under surgical care a  
young woman immigrant from Nottingham,  
and with her usual thoughtfulness  
remembered that Mrs. Amery would  
willingly visit her. Quite readily the  
request was met, and a few moments  
conversation ensued. A happy memory,  
we should imagine, for our young friend,  
and a sisterly touch on the part of our  
visitor.

Mrs. Amery afterwards remarked on the  
wonderful linking capacity of The Army—

# THE GREAT CRUSADE

## The Commissioner leads the attack

### Winnipeg Central Holiness Meeting

The Commissioner gives the 1928 Series a Good Start-Off

IT WAS something in the nature of a family gathering—so very many comrades whom we miss, if they are not with us in Citadel and Central gatherings, there are—but we did not have to think of many on Friday night. A fine spirit of expectancy was with us. The Cadets were thoughtful and happy in the choice of their pre-Meeting choruses. The Band was helpful in its mood. The Officers who were present on and off the platform—had not lost the feelings of the afternoon gathering at the Garrison. All were ready. From Staff-Captain Steele's very first song the Meeting swung along in a happy, unrestrained manner, and yet all the while thoughtfully mindful of the object of the Meeting—Holiness unto the Lord. Major Tyndall helped us with his prayer; Adjutant Davies taught us with his reading; and the Commissioner's exposition on the subject of the night; and some choruses were revived which still further stirred us. Two young Comrade Cadets spoke straight and true to the point. The Band did their share, and so again did the Cadets in a Union Song.

Then the night was cold, and the more an old time story, but one of these picturesque incidents which he touches so gracefully, and which yield fresh beauties as we look and listen. The flowing river—so reminiscent of that other river which flows for all sin—the halting supplicant—so like those who will not change—and then the final triumph when "he became as a little child," and we thought of the pristine innocence of a soul made clean by the old-time Current.

We were reminded, too, of our own duties in this respect; that while the River is flowing, there are many who do not know of its power; we must tell them. Tell them in all ways and from all places—"there is a Stream." And so the Meeting had a two-fold effect.

We finished with five seekers—some of them came so voluntarily that our hearts sang additional praise. And whilst outside the night was cold, and the intensely private and spiritual character of these Days, but we feel sure that all Officers who read these lines—and many Soldiers—will visualize the scene, and be blessed in memory and thought.

### A Sunday with the Commissioner at the Garrison

One of those Spiritual Days, which are such a typical Army institution, and admission to which is so much desired all over "The Army world," was conducted by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich at the Garrison on Sunday last.

It is not proper that we should discuss any of the addresses which were given, remembering as we do the intensely private and spiritual character of these Days, but we feel sure that all Officers who read these lines—and many Soldiers—will visualize the scene, and be blessed in memory and thought.

The singing was of a helpful order—our old Song Book still contains some unexplored depths—and with the youthful fervour of the audience searching for those treasures, many a soul was blessed in the singing. We would that a few of our other comrades could attend similar gatherings, so that they too might find some of these jewels of song for themselves, and so that our people generally might benefit thereby.

The old-time warrior whom the Commissioner took for his object talk, lived through his trials and troubles, his triumphs once more were fitted into present day settings, and impetus to spiritual longings and definite decisions resulted.

Indeed, the Garrison Principal, in speaking of the Day, says, "We give God the glory for another Spiritual Feast, and believe that the results will live long in the memory of those present." May it be so.

### A Day of Intercession for Winnipeg

ONE of the special events in connection with the Crusade is the "Day of Intercession" which is planned to take place on Thursday, February 2nd. A continuous series of Meetings of intercession is to be held in the Garrison Auditorium, beginning at 9 in the morning, and continuing until 7 at night. Relays of leaders, hour by hour, have been arranged. Winnipeg Officers and Soldiers are especially requested to avail themselves of this spiritual feast and opportunity. Visitors from outside points will be welcome. Come and pray with us for an outpouring of the Spirit.

#### Programme of the Hours:

9-10 a.m.	Colonel and Mrs. Miller	3-4 p.m.	Lt.-Com. and Mrs. Rich
10-11 a.m.	Brigadier and Mrs. Carter	4-5 p.m.	Major and Mrs. Tyndall
11-12 a.m.	Lt.-Com. and Mrs. Rich	5-6 p.m.	Mrs. Staff-Captain Clarke
12-1 p.m.	Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Steele	6-7 p.m.	Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy
1-2 p.m.	Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor	7-8 p.m.	Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Dickerson
2-3 p.m.	Brigadier and Mrs. Smith	8 p.m.	Lt.-Com. and Mrs. Rich

### The Spirit of the Old Crusaders

A Reminiscence of the late Commissioner Cadman

In a private letter which we have been permitted to see, an Old Country comrade tells the following striking incident of the recently promoted warrior:

For quite a number of years the old man had been confined to his house, except when on a fine day a comrade would take him out for a ride in his bath chair. On one of these occasions, the old Commissioner, whose sight for the last twenty years had been none too good, blinked across the road and up towards the roofs of the opposite houses. He could just discern a piled-high miller's "dray" upon the top of which were seated the driver, his wife, and two children.

"Hi," said the Commissioner, "come down to me, I want to speak to you." Impressed by something out of the ordinary the man stopped his team of horses, and came across the road to the side of the Commissioner's chair; whereupon the fighting saint dealt with him about his soul, until the miller's man ultimately knelt on the sidewalk and found Salvation.

Thanks ever so much, Major, for allowing us to see the Brigadier's letter. We were almost on the point of saying, as we read, "God bless old Cadman," but God has now blessed him far beyond anything we may hope for him. Anyway, God bless him.

### An Interesting List of Crusade Appointments

IT IS THE Commissioner's desire that, as much as is practicable, the Staff Officers of the Territory shall take public and private duty in connection with the Great Crusade. It goes without saying, that all the Territorial Headquarters Staff Officers are heart and soul in the effort, and are welcoming any opportunities for Salvation Fighting such as the Campaign will afford, and as their other pressing duties will allow. The following is the first list—subject, possibly, to a few minor alterations; we shall be glad to make mention of other appointments, provided such intimations reach us in time.

### THE COMMISSIONER

Brandon	Feb. 3-6	Mouse Jaw	Feb. 9-9
Regina	Feb. 10-13		

### THE CHIEF SECRETARY THE FIELD SECRETARY

(Colonel G. Miller)		(Brigadier B. Taylor)	
Winnipeg Citadel	Feb. 4-5	St. James	Feb. 4-5
Kildonan Home	Feb. 6	Winnipeg VIII	Feb. 6
North Winnipeg	Feb. 7	Sherbrooke St.	Feb. 7
Weston	Feb. 8	Fort Range	Feb. 8
Norwood	Feb. 9	Elmwood	Feb. 9
Sherbrooke St.	Feb. 10	Winnipeg Citadel	Feb. 10-12
St. James	Feb. 11-12		

LT.-COLONEL JOY	Feb. 4-5	Edmonton	Feb. 4-8
Saskatoon I.	Feb. 11-12	Calgary	Feb. 9-13

LT.-COLONEL DICKERSON	Feb. 4-13	Edmonton	Feb. 11-13
Medicine Hat	Feb. 4-13		

BRIGADIER CARTER	Feb. 4-13	Dauphin	Feb. 4-13
Brandon	Feb. 4-13		

BRIGADIER SMITH	Feb. 4-13	Moose Jaw	Feb. 4-13
Fort Frances	Feb. 4-13		

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE	Feb. 4-13	Port Arthur	Feb. 4-13
Weston	Feb. 4-13		

Edmonton	Feb. 4-13		
Winnipeg IV	Feb. 4-13		

Winnipeg VII	Feb. 4-13		
Winnipeg II	Feb. 4-13		

Winnipeg Citadel	Feb. 4-13		
Fort William	Feb. 4-13		

St. James	Feb. 4-13		
Norwood	Feb. 4-13		

### THE TRAINING GARRISON

ENSIGNS

Sherbrooke St.	Feb. 4-13
----------------	-----------

### Inspiring Officers' Gathering in Winnipeg

WE think there was more than ordinary expectation in our Meeting together the other afternoon in the Garrison Auditorium for the New Year Officers' Meeting. That in itself has become an annual event for the privileged Centre people, but this time we all had in mind the Crusade upon which our minds are becoming so intent.

We had our disappointments, in that Mrs. Rich was not with us—detained by a bout of illness—and hence both the Chief Secretary and Field Secretary were absent on duty elsewhere. However, the Lord wonderfully filled up the measure of comradely blessings.

Lt.-Colonel Sims gave us something of his hopes and plans for the Y.P. side of the Campaign; and it was but natural that Staff-Captain Steele should outline his purposes for Winnipeg and Manitoba—we can't help being interested in the place in which we live. The singing helped us; the prayers were a drawing towards the Throne. The atmosphere was getting warmer—we should soon feel quite at home in that Auditorium.

One could tell that the Crusade is a project very dear to the Commissioner's heart, and that his purpose was to put us all in the same mind—no difficult task that. The Army, and anything which means an extension by turning the Kingdom of God is the constant ideal of all—we believe. Still, it was good to know that our Leader is to the front in this fight—that we were once more reminded of the fate of those who "stand aside." We wish that all Officers throughout the Territory could have been present, and have been enthused with us.

Pessimism is the smoke from the Devil's fire.

Optimism is God's glorious sunshine.

A delayed victory becomes a defeat. Win today's battle today.

### THE COMMISSIONER and the League of Mercy

During the past week the Winnipeg League of Mercy members continued their routine activities by furnishing a programme at St. Boniface Hospital on Wednesday afternoon, and at the General Hospital on Thursday evening. Mrs. Adjutant Acton took the chair at the former visitation, and the inmates much enjoyed the programme as well as the refreshments.

At the General Hospital the Citadel Bandmen formed a circle in the centre of one of the large public wards, while as many of the patients as were able came in to enjoy the programme. Commissioner Rich presided over the gathering and after being introduced by Brigadier Park, made the remark that the occasion was the one opportunity of the whole year which the League of Mercy gave him of being chairman, an invitation which was accepted with real pleasure.

Regarding the quality of the music furnished, we need only to remind the reader that Bandmaster Merritt had this part of the programme well in hand. Deputy Bandmaster George Weir assisted by playing a splendid cornet solo, and having him take every day's accompaniment by the other Bandmen present. The other individual items were likewise appreciated.

With the playing of the March, "Canada West," the League of Mercy sisters busily engaged themselves in passing ice-cream and cake to the patients present and this provided a most popular number. We are sure the League of Mercy members and Bandmen returned to their homes feeling they had been able to give real uplifting cheer to the sick.

Do not put acid on your words; it will destroy your taste and paralyze your tongue.

Always look your hearers in the eyes. There is more power in the human eye than most of us dream of. Force them to listen by looking your message as well as speaking it. This brings us back to the fundamental qualifications for Army speaking. No man or woman can look at his townsfolk in the eyes at the street corner and appeal to them to seek Salvation if his or her private life does not bear out what is being said. Before eloquence and gesticulation comes purity of heart.

Do all you do to the glory of God.





## Pioneer Comrade Answers Heavenly Call

\*Note to Soloists: "The Vicar of Bray" is a tune generally associated, in the Army, with the words "I've found a Friend, and such a Friend."

**Captain Wagner and Lieut. Fowler—**Last Sunday seven Senior Soldiers were enrolled, and we hope to have another enrollment service in the near future. The Band played at the Horstman Sunday and the music was greatly appreciated by the patients. The musical side of our activities is doing well and we are looking forward to great things in this direction. Special Lantern Service have been commenced on Friday afternoons and these, attended by large numbers of children, are very interesting and instructive. God is helping and blessing us here. To Him be all the glory.—Old-Timer.

\*Note to Soloists: "The Vicar of Bray" is a tune generally associated, in the Army, with the words "I've found a Friend, and such a Friend."

# THE CORPS AT LA PRAIRIE

Being the Epistles of Hephzibah Nott, School Teacher

A story of Western Canada



## CHAPTER XII

A Letter from Home—News of Jack

The Homestead  
Haventown

Dearest Girl:

Jack's come home! Isn't that the best of news? I can scarcely bring myself to believe it—it seems too good to be true. Every time I look across the table at him I feel I want to get up and hug him, and every time I call him to meals my heart stands still for fear he won't answer, and that it isn't he after all. Oh, Jack, my boy! Oh, Effie, my girl! I am thankful to God for answering our prayers. We did indeed pray about the lad that he might be kept from harm.

He came home last Sunday afternoon. Your Dad and I had been out to church—they had managed to get a minister to take the afternoon service—and we had had such a nice time. We didn't hurry home, it was a lovely evening, and we had nobody but ourselves to consider. We stopped to call on Mrs. Snell, and she said, kind of mysterious like, "You'd better hurry home, Mrs. Nott. I think you've got visitors." I thought she was joking, and didn't take it seriously, and neither did your father.

Anyway, we came along home—our new car runs splendidly—and Dad went to put it away, while I went to get supper ready. I had taken off my outdoor things and was standing by the door, when somebody pushed it open—and I nearly collapsed. It was Jack!

### In my arms again

He came in with just his old, usual, happy, don't care style. (But, I forget you do not remember him as well as I wish you did). He just said: "Well, Mum, and how's everything?" I could only wait long enough to take off my spectacles—so that I could get a real look at him, they'd suddenly gone misty—and then I put my arms round his neck, and hugged, and hugged and kissed him. Poor old Jack, I didn't stay to ask him any questions. I only wanted to know he was in my arms again. You don't mind, do you? Oh, I know you don't.

It appears he came in by the train which you know gets in at the town at one o'clock; he slipped out on the off side, so that nobody should see him, and then made his way across the tracks, and walked home. Of course, we were out, so he stayed around for a few minutes, and then went over to the Snells to ask where we were. He didn't go in, but evidently Mrs. Snell saw him, you know what sharp eyes she has, and that was why she was so mysterious with me.

Then he came back, and lay down in the barn and went off to sleep. Our auto awakened him, and your Dad says, he nearly dropped in his tracks when he saw the lad coming across the yard, and recognized who it was.

"Hallo, Son," was all the boy said. "Hallo, Son," was all your Dad could find to say. Then they shook hands—

Oh, those Britishers and your Dad said, "You had better go and see your mother." He told me that, or he would have broken down himself.

You don't need to ask me if I didn't hurry much with getting ready. I was too flustered, but at last we sat down to it—just our own selves, and Mum Tom had left us the table, and it seems quite providential that Jack should come just when he did.

Your Dad and I had time to ask the boy any questions, and he didn't appear too inquisitive; and I had told your father that he wasn't to be told on him. We'd had enough of that before Jack left home. Don't worry, old

letter I have ever written, but I must tell the story.

We finished our supper, I cleared away, your Dad got out his pipe—Jack doesn't smoke now—and I hurried over the washing of the dishes. I left them doing a quiet talk, while I went up to get Jack's room ready—and nearly made the bed sheets damp with my tears.

But after all, it was not early when we went to bed, for the boy certainly had a story to tell, and I am so thankful it is not a very awful one. Of course, it was too bad of him not to write us, and I couldn't forbear telling him so, although your Dad tried to "hush" me.

You know he went off with that threatening gang your father had here that

good to them; the men did not leave them alone until they had fleeced them of all their money, in spite of the Swede's watchfulness. They stayed on with him for two weeks longer without paying, and then he gave them a dollar apiece, and told them to go. A good story, that man is, and if ever I go to Winnipeg, I am going to give him a mother's blessing.

It seems that this man's boarding-house is near the Salvation Hostel, and a pitiful tale to go there, and ask for a bed and tale, in fact. Jack says they did, for the man in charge took them both in and gave them supper and bed for a quarter each, on condition that they went into the Meeting.

Jack says, "My word, the room was hot, and so was the sermon. They sure gave us mother and hell-fire mixed up together."

But it had its effect; it made the silly lad see his stupidity, and the next morning he and his chum went up to another Army office, and there a young chap saw them, and after snapping some good advice at them, sent them both to a job. "Can't send you both together," he said. "You're better apart—take it or leave it." And so Jack parted with his chum, and a good job too.

He stayed at that place for three months and then the man died; after that he found a temporary job at Brandon, and then got in with another threshing gang, and worked his way south as far as La Prairie, where the gang broke up. Would you believe it? He actually was working for old Mr. Johns—he knows all the people you write about.

### I can write no more

That Sunday night when the Lieutenant spoke to him, he was planning to go to The Army, when he saw you. He thought it was you by the way in which you swung round on your heels—just like I do, he says. He had an idea you had put the Lieutenant up to speaking to him again, and that was why he turned away. He knew too that you had been phoning the hotel, because the hotel man told everybody. And that's why he came home, he says he wanted to make it up with us before you could say anything to him. He says he will write you himself in a few days. I can write no more, I am dreadfully tired, and I am afraid the excitement of the past few days has told on me.

There is one thing more I must tell you before I finish. Last night I was going past his bedroom; his door was standing ajar, and I saw him kneeling by his bedside saying his prayers. I can tell you it was a good sight for my poor old eyes.

But, goodness, Effie girl, We all send love, and say—Hurry up Christmas. Give our love to all your friends; won't they be glad.

Your ever loving mother,  
C. Nott.

Next Week—Effie and Hector



"Well, Mum, and how's everything?"

girl, it won't be me that will make him leave home, this time," said father.

I could tell that Son was hungry, and he did eat a good meal—which is more than either your Dad or I did. Just as we finished, he burst out laughing, and said, "Good old Effie, she nearly caught me." I looked at him, we both did, and I said, "Oh, Jack, you don't mean to tell me you at La Prairie?" Of course, it was, "I replied, 'that has been written and told you all that? You don't suppose I was going to give the game away to a youngster like her, before I told you.'"

There, now, my daughter, what do you think of a brother and a son like that?

But not to keep you too long in suspense, I may as well say that he hasn't come back in any disgrace, except, as he says, "the disgrace of not writing you." And Effie, girl, I do believe your Army is in for it, for it was then that made him think about coming home.

It is such a job for me to write, my hand is so shaky with the excitement, and my fingers do ache. I think this is the longest

summer; those men filled him up with all manner of yarns about the money he could earn, and your Dad wasn't too generous with his allowance. Jack told the boss of the gang that we knew all about his going and he kept with them until they broke up. He got odd jobs during the next few weeks, and then went as cook's boy to a lumber camp on Clutha Island. He had a rough time there; the cook, he thinks it was, robbed him of his money; for one morning, he woke up, he found cook and cash both gone. Jack stayed on, and did the cook's job, and got real good money.

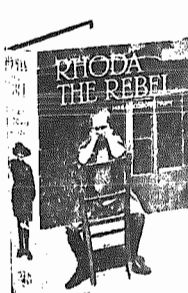
Then he thought he would like to go into the city for a time, spend Christmas there—all the time putting off writing us. He picked up with a chum in Winnipig, and they roomed together at an old Swede's boarding-house. This old fellow evidently had his eyes well on them, for he used to check them up if they stayed out too late at night, and insisted on both of them putting their savings in a bank.

This was all right, so far, but one afternoon they went into a pool-room, and got into some company which was no

## Y.P. Prizes

Second Notice

The Trade Secretary announces that he now has a fine selection of Y.P. Prizes; to suit all ages and all exchequers. Full list of titles and prices sent on application.



## Y.P. Prizes

Second Notice

Orders will be executed in rotation. Cash with order indispensable. Send in your requisition at once, and so get best choice of titles. Trade Secretary, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 - 319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1920—Harry Edward Branch, Last heard of in Vancouver in 1926 working as official longshoreman (wheat trimmer). Relatives enquiring.

1825—Edwin Larson. Age 34, height 5 ft. 2 in., light hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, miner by trade. Brother anxious to communicate.

1851—Osmond Richard Lowther. Age 39, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion, light brown hair, getting thin on top. Father long for news.

1888—Stener Peteresen Kleiven—alias Stener Fieldborg. Age 71. Last heard of Claverland, B.C. Brother anxious for news.

1834—Anton Amundsen. Age 60, medium height, blond hair, mason by trade; last heard from in 1914. Son desires to locate.

1838—Chris. J. Hoefstad. Last heard of in 1926, in Winnipeg. Friends want to come in touch with him.

1791—Sam Woodcock. Age 44, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer, native of Leicestershire, England. Last known address, Cypress River.

1783—Harry Farrow. Age 55, not very tall, medium brown hair, blue grey eyes, fresh complexion. Wife enquiring.

1883—John Ingebrigtsen. Age 70, medium height, blue eyes, about 32 years ago was a shoemaker in Vancouver. Sister enquiring.

1890—Andreas Johansen Staerkkeby Kjolstad. Age 35, brown hair, brown eyes. Last known address 225 King Street, Winnipeg. Legacy left him by father and an aunt—communicate this office.

1882—John Olsen Bryn. Age 24, Norwegian, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in Winnipeg 1926. Brother seeks information.

1878—John Arthur McCann. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion, saddler, native of County Antrim, Belfast, Ireland. Brother anxious for information.

1816—George A. Morgan. Contractor. Residing since Sept. 5th, 1922, at 39, dark brown hair, dark eyes, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight about 150 lbs., last seen in Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Wife very anxious for news.

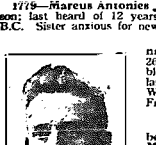


(See photo) 1433—William A. Morgan. Heating Engineer. Age 54, height 5 ft. 7 in., blond hair, blue eyes, dark brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Last heard of in Edmonton, Alta. Brother and Sister anxiously enquiring.

1892—John Fitzpatrick. Age 56, height 5 ft. 8 in., light brown hair, light eyes, light complexion, single; occupation, farmer. Last heard of in Winnipeg. Sister very anxious to hear from him.

1831—Peter Martin Hansen. Born in Keldstrup, Denmark. Age 33, middle height and build; parents and brother enquiring.

1719—Marcus Antonies Johanson—alias Nilsson. Last heard of 12 years ago in Vancouver, B.C. Sister anxious for news.



1889—Arthur Sigvald Reistad. Age 26, medium height, blond hair, blue eyes, last heard from in Winnipeg. 1926. Friends desire to locate. (See photo)

1558—Charles Herbert Brayden and Myrtle Brayden. Myrtle was in Tuxedo Children's Home with her brother, and adopted out in 1907 or 1908, to a Mrs. Reynolds or Mrs. Brewer. Is now about 23 years of age. Father last heard of in 1907. Brother extremely anxious for information.

1889—Carl Eric Bertil Hjertstedt. Age 25 last heard from in Lawton, St. John's, Winnipeg. 1926. Worked in radio factory. Brother enquiring.

1886—Charles Smith. Age 46, height 6 ft., fair complexion, born in Birmingham, England. Last right arm working in shipyard. Brother anxiously enquires.

1883—William Droz. Age 37, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes, Swiss, supposed to be working on railway or boats either in Winnipeg or Vancouver. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

1865—Henry William Carpenter. Age 56, height 5 ft. 11 in., black hair, blue eyes, medium complexion. Native of Sittingbourne, Kent. Last heard of in British Columbia. Sister enquires.

# 29 DAYS SALVATION CRUSADE

FROM THE LAKES TO THE COAST

During the Month of February

See Local Corps Announcements

Two Important Questions:

## Are You Saved? Am I Saved?

Ask Yourself! Ask Your Neighbors!

## IN ANY CASE GET RIGHT WITH GOD

1900—Thomas Lee—Son of Edward and Hannah Lee (nee Pagnall). Left County Westmeath, Ireland, about the year 1874 and went to America. His or the address of his descendants is urgently required in a matter of a will. His sister Elizabeth, of Australia, urgently inquires.

1866—Nils Nilsson. Age 61, height 5 ft. 11, weight 150 lbs., dark hair, married, railway worker. Lost one finger on right hand—left arm destroyed in the elbow, stooped when walking. Roman nose. Charles Nilson enquiring.

1864—Ivy Woolf. Age 19, height 5 ft. 5, dark hair, brown eyes, native of London (Shepherds Bush), thought to be residing with sister.

1849—Jorgen Andreassen. Age 45, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, farmer. Last heard from September, 1927. Wife anxious for news.

1839—Robert Walter Killam—alias Robert Wren. Age 55, dark hair, sandy moustache, blue grey eyes, height 5 ft. 10, scar on side of face, tattoo on both arms, walks lame. Son anxious for news.



Mike Gach

extremely anxious to hear from son.

1754—Edward Egan—Irish, last known address Loutham, Man. BAKER by occupation. Sister enquiring.

1844—Mike Gach. Age 23, tall, fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Last heard from 1923. Mother very worried and longs for news.

(See photo) 1883—Charles Baisden. Age 42, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, thought to be in theatrical work. Mother very old—had operation that left her blind in one eye.

## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas  
his Wife



Ste. A1, Styremup Mansions  
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling that one has with this weather? Doesn't it make you feel happy and snappy? I was ever so uplifted the other morning when I looked out, and saw that beautiful fall of snow; it covered up all the dirty spots, and made our street look quite nice. I was ever so glad that I live in these Mansions, and so hadn't a boulevard to keep clean—oh, I forgot, you live on one of those swell streets—sorry. (Thanks—Ed.).

But, do you know, beloved comrade! I am looking on life with such a lovely view these last few days. Oh, it's glorious, and I've actually fallen into poetry. Seeing you won't write a chorus for me, sing this one, Mr. Editor, to the tune of "Trust and Obey":

We're going up,  
Yes, we're going up;  
All the family of Domores—  
We are all going up.

Just you try that out in your next Meeting, or better still, get Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haines to sing it; some of those allos credendos will just fit in lovely. Why am I singing it? Way?

I'll tell you. Captain and Mrs. Pellamy, of Fort Frances have risen 25 copies weekly—and by wire too; Captain Wright and Lt. Jones are driving their old chariot with 18 copies extra, and

Wonderful, wonderful rising;  
Fort William wants fifty "Crys" more.

But, dear Captain King,  
We're all forced to sing,  
Why did you not say so before?

Cannot you imagine the warriors down at Fort William prattling this chorus for their next musical Meeting; can't you hear those Scouts singing, singing it; especially if Staff-Captain Steele is there to start it off with "Together, now." Oh, it would just rip. Oh, I am so happy, there's only one thing could make me happier—that if the Commissioner would make our Danny an Ensign.

Dear Mr. Domore:

My wife is very interested in the "War Cry"; she gets a copy every week by borrowing it from the lady next door, and she says it is her best's. She wants to know whether Edgie is likely to marry Hector Compton, and says she doesn't, she will never take your paper any more. I hope you'll know what I mean.

Yours obediently,  
Obadiah Obod.

Mr. Editor, I send this letter for you to answer; I've enough of my own to do without attending to "The Epistle of Hephzibah"; but, will she, Mr. Editor?

Yours once more in the War Cry,  
Daniel Domore, Mayor

P.S.—Dorcas sends her love, and says she wants to know too. (Read the War Cry—Ed.).

## Solemn Words from The Scriptures

"But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers and idolators, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

Flee from the wrath to come to the only sure Refuge—the Cross of Christ.